Cambria Freeman.

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME XI. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1877. NUMBER 15.

ONLY REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES.

CHANGE YOUR SURROUNDINGS.

...ing FRUIT FARMS, especially adapt... ...growth of the VINE, where it is an ...success and pays LARGE PROFIT. ...adapted to the growth of Peach... ...and small fruits; also, Grains, ...Cattle. ...excellent VINEYARDS, OR... ...Farms can now be seen. ...TION is only 31 miles south of ...Railroad, in a mild, delightful ...at the very doors of the New York ...Markets. Another Railroad ...New York. ...is already LARGE, SUCCESS... ...PEROUS. Churches, Schools, ...privileges are already established. ...facilities of shops, Clothing, Glass, ...and other things, at which differ... ...classes can procure employ...

...HEALTH RESORT for some years ...suffering from pulmonary affec... ...catarrh, ague and debility, many ...who have entirely recovered. ...which has just been completed, ...Hotel has 100 rooms, four stories ...with brick buildings, four stories ...French roof, and all modern ...for the accommodation of vis...

...FARM LAND, $25 00 PER ACRE, ...installments, within the period of ...in this climate, 20 acres of land ...acres will count as much as 160 ...north. ...acquainted with Fruit Growing ...familiar with it in a short time on ...commissions. ...ONE ACRE, and TOWN LOTS, ...Landisville and Vineland, also ...

...pamphlet will be ...on application to CHARLES ...VEYARD, N. J. ...is an extract from a descrip... ...written by the well-known ...Edson Robinson, and published ...York Tribune: ...owners were of the "well to do" sort ...who have turned their attention ...market gardening have grown rich, ...ranging from sandy to clayey, ...gentle undulating, intersected with ...and occasional wet meadows, in ...of peat or muck are stored, suffi... ...over the whole upland surface, after ...centuries of its natural fertility, ...one of the most extensive tracts, in ...favorable position, and suitable condition ...farming, that we know of this side of ...the Hudson. We found some of the old... ...apparently just as profitably productive ...as those of forest fifty or a hundred years ...ago. ...would soon discover the cause of ...failure. The whole country is a ...and all through the soil we found ...calcareous substances, generally in ...of pulverated calcareous marl, showing ...the former presence of ancient shells, of the ter... ...and this early substance is sure ...to work the soil, in a very comminuted ...and in the driest condition most easily assim... ...by plants as the farmer desires to culti... [8-25.-1y.]

...ERTISING AGENTS,

...P. Rowell & Co.,

...41 Park Row, N. Y.

...the satisfaction of controlling the ...and complete advertising connec... ...have been secured, and one which ...hardly possible in any other country but ...has succeeded in working down a ...so thoroughly a systematic ...exchange in the newspaper system ...escape notice, while the widest in... ...is at the disposal of the public — ...the New York "Times," June 24, 1876

...and for a Circular.

...1877.-6m.

...REMAIN'S MANLIUS PLAS... ...contains 94.23 per cent. of PURE ...and is the most RELIABLE, CHEAPEST ...FERTILIZER IN USE, increasing very ...to the crops wherever put on. ...will be delivered in cars at Tyrone, ...Pa., in good grain bags, at twelve ...($12.25) per ton. The ...accompanying orders or no attention ...to them. Send money by P. O. or... ...letter, and send as early as ...will be no delay in delivering ...when needed.

E. BURKET,
Arch Springs, Blair Co., Pa

...MES in the WEST!

AND HOW TO REACH THEM.

...REDUCED RATES OF FARE and rolia... ...relative to the best routes of ...West, South and South-west, ...by J. CURRIEN, General Pas... ...& St. L. Ry., No. 249 North ...Ohio. Do not be misled ...of inferior routes, when a ...can be had. Letters addressed to headquarters will ...prompt attention, and bring informa... ...cheerfully furnished upon. (3-30.-9-.)

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...JOHNSTON'S TAR SYRUP is a safe and ...speedy cure for Consumption. ...not the money if it does not do all ...claimed. Trial size, 25 cents. Large size, ...$1 bottles. Sold by all deal... ...Johnston & Co. Prop'rs, Pittsburg. ...B. L. Fahnestock's Lung Syrup, ...combined it is an excellent medicine, ...and its invaluable action... ...Tribune Christian Advo... (3-16. 3m.)

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS

...Thirty years a Stand... ...Liver Complaint, Costiveness, ...Sick Headache, and all Derangements of the Liver. ...Vermifuge, the Great Worm Destroyer. ...worms from my child, 2 years old. ...No. 26 Reed St., Phila. Price of each, 25c. If your ...don't keep them, send for them. ...Sellers & Co., Props., Pittsburgh, Pa.

...SOLD by ALL DRUGGISTS. [2-16.-1y.]

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LATE "CAIN HOUSE,"

...Main and Pittsburgh Sts.,

CREENSBURG, PA.

...Fronts the south entrance ...to the Court House.

JOHN PORTER, Lessee.

...WANTED—FARMS TO SELL. ...I have hundreds of applicants for ...for sale. Also, desirable city properties ...Farms. Hundreds of people crowd ...Agency, and I cannot get sufficient Farms, ...Houses for good improvements— ...please call as soon as possible, and, if ...I will go and see the property ...U. S. Farm Agency, 134 Smithfield st., ...the Post-office. [2-23.-1y.]

...easily earned in these times, but ...to make in three months by any ...of either sex, in any part of the coun... ...who is willing to work steadily at ...which we furnish. You need not ...from home over night. You can give ...time to the work, or only your spare ...moments. Nothing to try the business. ...sent free. Address at once, H. ...& Co., Portland, Maine. (3-23.-1y.*)

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES OF THE BOROUGH OF EBENSBURG from the 1st day of June, 1876, to the 17th day of April, 1877:

To am't due Borough at last settlement		$ 59 80
" " of duplicate for 1876, Borough tax		964 56
" cash rec'd from Weighmaster		41 45
" " " S. W. Davis, late Burgess		91 50
		$1,157 49
Dr.		
By exonerations to Collector	$ 47 58	
" commission paid Collector	169 40	
" " Treasurer	51 90	
" am't paid for repairs to streets and alleys	245 25	
" am't paid Street Commissioner	133 50	
" " " Clerk to Council	30 00	
" " " for printing	21 50	
" " " for merchandise	22 40	
" " " for stone and lumber	11 87	
" " " for jail fees and boarding prisoners	6 50	
" am't paid to special police	18 00	
" " " Fire Company	37 50	
" " " tax on Bor. Bonds	42 30	
" " " for building roof over Reservoir	265 00	
" am't paid for hauling stone for Reservoir	55 00	
" am't paid for fixing Derrick	53 34	
" " " " lumber for Derrick	27 80	
" am't paid for material and labor for Water Works	76 63	
" am't paid for miscellaneous	30 50	
" " " on old indebtedness	18 67	$1,364 73
To balance due Treasurer		$ 207 33

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES of 3 mill special tax:

Dr.		
To balance due at last settlement		$121 37
" am't of duplicate of special tax		660 27
		$782 64
Cr.		
By amount paid interest on Water Bonds, due Feb. 15, 1876		$ 18 00
" amount paid interest on Water Bonds, due Aug. 15 1876		120 00
" amount paid interest on Water Bonds, due Feb. 15 1877		120 00
" am't paid interest due on Bonds when lifted		2 00
" am't Borough Bonds lifted (1st series)		300 00—560 00
Balance in favor of Borough		$222 64

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES of 8 mill special tax:

Dr.		
To balance due at last settlement		$1,299 41
" am't of duplicate		1,703 22
		$3,102 63
Cr.		
By am't paid interest on Borough Bonds, due June 15, 1876		$ 6 00
" am't paid interest on Borough Bonds, due Dec 15 1876		282 00
" am't paid interest due on Bonds when lifted		4 00
" am't Borough Bonds lifted (1st series)		600 00 892 00
		$ 2,210 63
ASSETS.		
Balance of 3 mill special tax		$ 207 33
" " " "		2,270 63
" due from sale of Toll House		15 17 5
" " " Weighmaster		6 10
		$2,706 22
LIABILITIES.		
Am't due Borough Treasurer		$ 207 33
Outstanding orders		23 80
" Water Bonds		12,600 00
		$ 12,831 13

WE, the undersigned Auditors of the Borough of Ebensburg do report that we have examined the accounts and vouchers of the Receipts and Expenditures of said Borough for the year ending April 17, 1877, and find them correct, as above stated.

DAVID D. PRYCE,
JOHN GITTINGS, } Auditors.
W. H. DAVIS,

P. S.—We, the Auditors, find $37 77 of Borough funds used for building Water Works, exclusive of $14,800 of Borough Water Bonds sold, making the total cost of constructing the Water Works $15,237 77.

Ebensburg, April 17, 1877.-3t.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors of Blacklick Township for the year ending April 9, 1877:

PETER WAGNER, Supervisor, DR.

To amount of duplicate	$207 80
" cash tax on unseated land	76 54
	$284 34
Cr.	
By amount of work done on road	$206 62
" " paid S. Adams	20 00
" " orders paid	22 75
" services as Supervisor	47 95
" lost tax	58
" time for swearing into office	1 50—383 40
Balance due Twp	84

SIMON ADAMS, Supervisor, DR.

To amount of duplicate	$325 35
" " cash from L. Edwards	21
" " cash from P. Wagner	20 00
	$345 57
Cr.	
By amount work done on road	$327 33
" services as Supervisor	61 50
" use of house	1 00—287 83
Balance due S. Adams	$ 42 26

AMOUNT OF ORDERS ISSUED FOR THE YEAR 1877:

No. 1.—James H. White, Auditor	3 00
No. 2.—Samuel George, Auditor	4 50
No. 3.—John Cameron, Auditor	3 25
No. 4.—William Selders, Clerk	5 40
	$13 15

Done this 9th day of April, 1877.

SAMUEL GEORGE, }
JAMES H. WHITE, } Auditors.
JOHN CAMERON, }

Attest—WILLIAM SELDERS, Clerk.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors and Treasurer of Carroll Township, April 9, 1877:

JACOB YEAGLEY, Supervisor, DR.

To amount of duplicate	$662 95
" " " cash collected	7 07
Total	$670 02
Cr.	
By exonerations	$ 1 20
" cash paid out	6 09
" services as Supervisor, 71 days	106 50
" work done by taxables on roads	556 32—670

PHILIP HOOVER, Supervisor, DR.

To amount of duplicate	$735 10
" cash collected	79 65
" balance of order	75 35
Total	$840 10
Cr.	
By exonerations	$ 3 15
" services as Supervisor, 70 days	105 00
" work done by taxables on roads	702 30
" cash collected on order	29 65—840 10

JACOB YEAGLEY, Treasurer, DR.

To amount of cash duplicate	$549 73
Cr.	
By exonerations	$ 6 64
" amount paid his successor, J. Mellon	106 73—549 73

WE, the undersigned, do hereby certify that the above accounts are just and true.

CHARLES DUNLAP, }
THOMAS WEAKLIN, } Auditors.
THOMAS ELIO, }

Attest—VALENTINE DUMM, Clerk. [4-20.-3t.]

NOTICE.—The first and partial account of F. J. Parrish, Assignee of Bernard Kelly, has been filed in the Prothonotary's office of Cambria county, and will be presented for the action of the Court on the first Monday of June, A. D. 1877.

B. McCOLGAN, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, April 14, 1877.

FIFTY-TWO.

Over the past let a veil be spread—
Its joys and sorrows alike have fled;
Its countless steps, as I've plodded along
Give back no echo. Childhood's song
Is a nursery myth. Friends now seem
Figments shadowy seen in a dream
And I scarce believe it, would you, say,
That fifty-two years have passed away?

Can it be true I am growing old?
Not a line in my face has the secret told;
Not a pulse throb beats in a slower bound;
Not a joy of my heart that is less profound;
Not a gem of the forest, earth or sea,
But grant in its beauty a joy to me,
As bright as when in my life there grew
No dreams of its autumn—of Fifty-two.

Good-bye, Old Past! I turn away
Half glad, half sad, to my life to day;
For a woman's heart there is plenty to-do,
It beats with an impulse kind and true.
Work that carries a cross, we're told,
That find return of a hundred fold.
And just such work as none can do,
Save a maiden like me of Fifty-two.

Not for the world would I wander back
Along life's stream—though every track
That my childhood's feet on its soft green sod,
Shows plainly the path that I have trod;
Though every step that I journeyed on
Was a promise of health and beauty won;
I'd feel in my heart 'twas a loss, not a gain,
To start at the spring-time of life again,
For if I did wish it and could it come true,
I would soon be again—as I am—Fifty-two.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

A November evening; 6 o'clock.

"I thought you would have rung your bell before this time, madam; I guess your fire is e'enamost out," said Jerusha Sears, otherwise known as "Aunt Jerushy," bursting into the parlor at twilight, or what she chose to call "early candle lightin'." "Ain't ye cold, Miss Sweney? There's nothin' but a few coal left."

The still figure sitting there in the angle of the fire place answered not, but that fact did not daunt Aunt Jerusha.

"I should have been in before," she continued, "but I s'posed ye had company. 'Twas the minister, wasn't it? I had my hands in the bread when he knocked or I should have gone to the door."

Still no answer.

"I guess she's asleep," commented Aunt Jerusha, audibly; "an' if she is, I'd better hold my tongue and not wake her. It does old folks a deal of good to sleep!"

Just at that moment the fire blazed up brightly, and Aunt Jerusha turned round from her task of blowing it with her apron to look at her beloved mistress. There was something awful in the rigid stillness of her position. Her head had fallen forward upon her breast, one hand hung by her side, the other grasped the arm of the chair. Her features were shaded by the position in which she sat.

The fire was burning now, and as Aunt Jerusha rose she put her hand upon the rug to lift herself by its aid. It plashed into a pool of something warm, wet, sticky, that was oozing out upon the hearth.

"I guess the minister set his umbrella down here, she said, and then she glanced at her hand. All the palm was covered by a dark, awful smear, and from her extended fingers dripped the clammy mass.

"Oh!" shrieked Aunt Jerusha. "Law! Oh, gracious! Miss Sweney! I do believe it's blood!"

She went up to her mistress and clutched her arm. She was alarmed, but her alarm was vague.

"Miss Sweney! Oh, my! Dear ma'am! Oh, my poor mistress, can't you speak to me? It's Aunt Jerusha, dear!" and she shook the still figure in her increasing terror, and putting her hand beneath the brow, raised up the drooping head.

And then she saw—oh, what an awful sight! A ghastly wound in the white neck that half severed the head, a horrible stream still oozing down the widow's dark dress, a pallid face with wide open eyes, congealed in that awful stare of horror that preceded her violent death. Mrs. Sweney sat in the same tranquil position she always used, with a hand tightly clasping the arm of her chair, and in the other that hung rigidly at her side a tuft of hair still grasped. It was a coarse but brilliant lock, of jetty blackness, long, straight, unpliant.

All this Aunt Jerusha took in, in one quick, horrified glance. And then her shriek summoned all the help upon the premises.

Uncle Solomon Goshare, the lame, decrepit old man who came once a week, "pottering about and doing chores," as Aunt Jerusha said, was now sitting before the kitchen fire, eating some bread and meat, and toasting his old rheumatic legs; and for once Aunt Jerusha was glad of his presence. He came hobbling through the passage, grumbling and exclaiming! Uncle Solomon thought women very troublesome creatures, "full of notions," and by no means sound of mind.

"What on airth's the matter?" quoth he, stumbling into the parlor. "What ye screechin' for, Aunt Jerusha? Is the house afire, or what?"

"Murder is the matter, ye old fool," answered Aunt Jerusha. "Run down to the village, quick, and call somebody! Can't you see that Miss Sweney is killed."

"Oh, Lord! Did ye do it, Aunt Jerushy? Marcy! ye don't say she is dead, do ye?"

"Yes, I do, and here ye stand askin' questions when ye ought to be half way to the village! But, law, you would never get there. I suppose I shall have to go myself. But don't you go out of the room.

"Aunt Jerushy, Aunt Jerushy! I darsent stay here alone nohow. Wall, if you will go," shrinking from her wrathful face and uplifted hand, "give me a light. The fire might go out and I never could stand it in the dark."

"Light it yourself," answered the grim woman, pushing one of the candles on the mantel toward him. And in a moment she was out in the stormy night, running along the miry road that led to the village, more than half a mile away.

Old Solomon retreated to the corner farthest from that still awful presence, which he watched during those minutes which stretched themselves, in his imagination, into years before Aunt Jerusha returned with the doctor and a train of affrighted town people.

No earthly help was available to her who still sat as in the quiet, lonely house in the afternoon, but now quite dead. People swarmed into the house, crowding into the room and jostling in the passages, wondering, whispering, ventilating strange theories. At 9 o'clock the coroner arrived, and found the corpse untouched, still sitting in that awful rigidity.

He was a hasty, choleric man, and he before his arrival jumped at the conclusion that Mrs. Sweney's servants must have committed the murder, for the sake of plunder. He acted upon this suspicion at once, and ordered the arrest of old Solomon Goshare and Aunt Jerusha Sears, before even viewing the body.

They were, however, permitted to tell their story, and then, as it appeared that they alone knew anything about the mysterious murder, they were retained as witnesses. There was no evidence upon which they could be committed, but the coroner did not feel justified in letting them go free.

The funeral took place in due time, and the excitement which the murder caused in that quiet community subsided. One or two strangers about this time took up their temporary abode in the village, and as they came quite unheralded, and without ostensible business, curiosity concerning them soon banished every other interest.

Mrs. Sweney had lived among them as a stranger. She had no friends, few relatives and no visitors. It was not even known whence she came. Her name was evidently a foreign one, but she was as evidently an American. Where her life had been spent, or who was the husband, and who the associates of her youth, nobody could succeed in learning. Even old Jerusha did not know, or, if she knew, did not impart the secret. Three quiet years, unmarked by any change, had Mrs. Sweney passed in her cottage near Bennington. No strangers had ever visited her, except on occasions a lawyer from a distant city, who came on business, and who came as soon as tidings of her death reached him, produced the papers necessary to give warrant to his acts, and then took possession of the cottage and all it contained. He removed Mrs. Sweney's papers, jewels and such valuables as were most portable, and left the remainder with the house in charge of Aunt Jerusha, who was once more at liberty. If Mrs. Sweney had any friends they communicated with the lawyer. Bennington people knew nothing of them. Mrs. Sweney had lived among them a mystery, and her death was the crowning incident of that mystery.

By direction of the coroner, Aunt Jerusha had faithfully preserved the lock of hair which had been clinched in the dead hand. When the lawyer came and removed the effects of the deceased lady he had taken this, much against the will of Aunt Jerusha, who expected some dire penalty of the law to befall her for permitting it to be removed from her possession. But no disastrous results followed. Days lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months, and when the almost forgotten murder was mentioned in Bennington, it was as a matter destined to be forever hidden. Everything had assumed its usual monotonous course. The strangers who came soon after the murder had long disappeared. It was now known that they were detectives, and had been foiled in their investigations. Suspicion had never fastened upon any one in Bennington, and no stranger had been seen in the neighborhood previous to the murder. Yet no one doubted that there must have been one, who disappeared as soon as the fatal deed was committed—one to whom that lock of hair clutched in the victim's death spasm belonged. And so two years went by.

Aunt Jerusha, taking her solitary breakfast one morning, was startled by a loud, long knocking at the door. The long unused knocker creaked under the vigorous blows dealt by the new-comer, and through the empty passages and closed up rooms the echoes answered loudly to the unaccustomed sound. With many groans and exclamations Aunt Jerusha hastened to the door.

A dark young man stood there, evidently impatient, for he had just lifted his hand to the knocker the second time.

"Mrs. Sweney," he said, "Does she not live here?"

"She used to," replied Aunt Jerusha; "but she's been dead these two years.—What do you want?"

"I want to come in at present, and afterward I shall want some breakfast, and then a room prepared for me, and some talk with you, perhaps. I may want other things but I can tell you better hereafter."

"You can't come in till I know who you are. And as to staying here and getting breakfast, it's agin' my orders to have any company."

"A fig for your orders," answered the stranger, rudely pushing past her. "I'm Macbeth Sweney, and my father was the husband of the lady who lived here, as she claimed, but as I doubt. At any rate I have a right here, and it will not be well for you to dispute it."

"Be you Miss Sweney's son?" asked Aunt Jerusha, as with pale, scared face she followed him into the parlor.

"The Signora Sweney is my mother," he answered haughtily. "And now be so good as to open these blinds and bring me some breakfast. But first show me to my bedroom."

"There's no room ready but the one that used to be Miss Sweney's," said Aunt Jerusha, tremblingly, "and nobody's slept there since we laid her on the bed there with that great gash in her throat. We never found out who murdered the poor lady. Is it that you have come about?"

"Will you stop your prating and show me the room, woman?" exclaimed the stranger, advancing threateningly. And Aunt Jerusha was compelled to unlock the door of that room associated in her mind with such dreadful recollections, and usher him across that threshold only to be crossed by her, with awe and trembling, on her days of cleaning and inspection.

In half an hour she brought him break fast, and he detained her to answer numerous questions relative to the late inmate of the house. But he calculated too little on the native shrewdness of his witness. Aunt Jerusha was firmly determined that no information should be given until she knew whether this intrusive guest came as a friend or foe to her late mistress. On this subject the nature of his questions served very soon to convince her. Macbeth Sweney was the son of the man whom Mrs. Sweney had once called her husband, and it was very evident that his feelings were inimical to her, and that his enmity had followed her beyond the grave.

At the close of their conference, Aunt Jerusha went back to her kitchen, shaking her head. She by no means liked the present aspect of things, but she felt herself powerless. Mr. Sweney had surely some shadow of right and she had none that could avail against him. All day she heard him rambling about the house and the sounds from the late Mrs. Sweney's room indicated that he was moving heavy pieces of furniture, and instituting a general search among the deceased lady's effects. Her clothing, and all papers which did not seem of importance, together with other articles of small intrinsic value, had been left there. Aunt Jerusha regretted now that she had not attempted to fit up some other room for her guest.

But one remedy for her momentary weakness suggested itself. A telegraph line had lately been erected in the village. She resolved to summon the lawyer by means of this mode of communication.—She had no sooner furnished the stranger with his dinner than she set out for the village, where, after ascertaining what it was necessary for her to do, she concocted the following message, which speedily was flashed along the wires:

"There's a feller here with black hair like that you know on. Come as soon as you can."

This done she returned to her home quite satisfied with her errand, and quietly sat herself down to await the result. She knew that she must wait at least a whole day, but she resolved not to relax her vigilance and permit this man to escape.

Her precautions, however, were in vain. He remained throughout that day, and in the evening summoned Aunt Jerusha for some purpose. She found him sitting in the parlor, answered his questions and provided him with another nicely trimmed lamp and fuel. After securing the doors she retired, and, though she slept ill, heard no alarming sounds until the following morning, when she arose, and having prepared breakfast for the stranger, carried it to his room.

To her surprise it was vacant. Macbeth Sweney had departed and left no trace.

That forenoon the lawyer arrived, accompanied by an experienced detective and before nightfall a pursuit was organized. If found, the stranger would at least be arrested for robbery, for, though there had been little of value for him to take, it was quite evident that Mrs. Sweney's escritoire and receptacle for papers had been searched and a few relics, which Aunt Jerusha knew had been cherished by the deceased lady, were gone. Mr. ———, the lawyer who alone knew anything of her history, believed that young Sweney was her murderer, for he knew much of the persecutions she had formerly endured, and the attempts that had been made to invalidate her marriage, and legitimize the son of the woman who had become the successor in her husband's affections and her own rights. He also knew that an important paper—no less than the certificate of her marriage—had been lost at the time of her murder.

Once more a great crowd had been gathered at the cottage. Once more Aunt Jerusha and Uncle Solomon were witnesses. It was for them, who alone had seen him, to identify the prisoner who had just been brought in, and this they did at once, unmindful of the terrible frown with which he regarded them.

He was committed to the county jail for forcible entry and robbery of the house, and while he lay there the lawyers were slowly weaving around him a web which was to ensnesh him. Having the clue various circumstances came to light, all tending to show that Sweney was the murderer. He was shown to have been in the county at the time and to have arrived at the nearest point by rail, which was near the residence of Mrs. Sweney, on the very day of the murder.

His object had been, doubtless, to intimidate Mrs. Sweney, compel her to yield up the documents which proved her rights and his illegitimacy. Having failed in this, he had deliberately committed the murder, taken from her the certificate, and departed unseen.

The lock of hair clutched in the fingers of the dead was also a powerful witness against him. Strange enough, it corresponded exactly in color, quality and strength with his own, and just above the temple was a bald spot about the size of the lock, which seemed to be pulled thence.

It was probably thought that time enough had elapsed to render his present visit safe, more especially as no suspicion had ever pointed to him; and this time he came with the hope of securing an important deed which Mrs. Sweney had once in her possession, and which, in the father's necessary communication with Mrs. Sweney's lawyer, he had learned had not been transferred to him. This was found among the effects of Macbeth Sweney, and he had doubtless discovered it in some secret drawer that had escaped the lawyer's vigilance.

Circumstantial evidence alone convicted him, but the universal comment upon the verdict of the jury declared its justice. He expiated his crime upon the gallows, and Aunt Jerusha Sears became the heroine of Bennington. She looked upon herself and was believed by others, to be the principal instrument in bringing to light the perpetrator of a mysterious crime, and punishing all who had been engaged in the persecutions heaped upon a most unfortunate and unhappy lady.

THE MAN WHO STOPS HIS PAPER.—Philip Gilbert Hamilton, in his papers on "Intellectual Life," thus talks to the man who "stopped his paper": "Newspapers are to the civilized world what the daily house talk is to the members of the family—they keep upour daily interest in each other, they save us from the evils of isolation. To live as a member of the great white race that has filled Europe and America and colonized or conquered whatever territory it has been pleased to occupy, to share from day to day its thoughts, its cares, its inspirations, it is necessary that every man should read his paper. Why are the French peasants so bewildered and at sea? It is because they never read a newspaper. And why are the inhabitants of the United States, though scattered over a territory fourteen times the area of France, so much more capable of concert action, so much more interested in new discoveries of all kinds, and capable of selecting and utilizing the best of them? It is because the newspapers penetrate every where, and even the lonely dweller on the prairie or in the forest is not intellectually isolated from the great currents of public life which flow through the telegraph and press."

—Dr. Benjamin Franklin invented and constructed three clocks, and one of these is owned in the Old King's Arms Inn, in Lancaster, England. It has only three wheels, and strikes the hour. It is to be sold at auction in May, with other curious historical objects.

SCARED OUT OF A WIFE.

I am about to write a narrative which was told to me one bleak, cold night in a country parlor. It was one of those nights in midwinter, when the wind swept over the land, making everything tingle with its frosty breadth, that I was seated before a blazing fire, surrounded by a jolly, half dozen boys and a bachelor—Peter Green—about forty and eight years old.

It was just the night without to make those within enjoy a good story; so each of us had to tell his favorite story, save Mr. Green, and as he was a jolly old fellow, we looked for a jolly story. We were somewhat surprised to hear him say, "I have no story that would interest you," so we had to find other entertainments for a time, when one of the boys told me to ask him how it happened he never got married. So I did.

"Well, gentlemen," he began, "it don't seem right for me to tell how that happened, but as it is about myself I don't care much. You see see when I was young, we had to walk as high as five miles to church and singing school, which was our chief enjoyment. But this don't have anything to do with my getting a wife, only I wanted to show you that we had some trouble them days in getting our sport.

"John Smith and I were like brothers, or like 'Mary and her little lamb;' where one went the other was sure to go. So we went to see two sisters, and as we were not the best boys imaginable, the old gentleman took umbrage and wouldn't allow us to come near the house, so we would take the girls to the end of the lane, and there we would take the final kiss.

"We soon got tired of that kind of fun, and I told John, on our way to singing school one night, that I was going to take Sadie home, and that I was going into the house, too.

"He said the old man would run me if I did.

"I told him I was going to risk it anyhow, let come what would.

"He said he would risk it if I would.

"So home we went with the girls.

"When we got to the end of the road I told the girls we proposed going all the way.

"They looked at each other in a way I didn't like too well, but they said the old folks would be in bed, so they didn't care if we did.

"They were a little more surprised still when I told them we thought of going in a little while, but as all was quiet when we got to the house we had no trouble in getting into the kitchen.

"Then and there we had our first court, and I made up my mind to ask Sadie to be my wife the next time I came.

"It was now past the turn of the night, and as we had four miles to walk, I told John we had to be going. So we stepped out on the porch, but as we did so, the sky was lit up by lightning, and one tremendous thunder peal rolled along the mountain side. Its echo had not died out in the far vales until the rain began to pour from the garnered fullness of the clouds. We waited for it to stop until we were all sleepy, when the girls said we should go to bed in the little room at the head of the kitchen; and as their father didn't get up early, we could be home before the old folks were astir. So after bidding the girls a sweet good-night, and hanging them a little, and wishing them pleasant dreams and promising them to come back on Saturday night, we started for bed.

"We didn't have far to go, as the bed stood near the head of the stairs. John was soon in bed, but as I was always a little slow and full of curiosity, I was looking around the little room.

"At last I thought I would sit down on a chest which was spread over with a nice white cloth while I drew off my boots. So down I sat, when stars of the East, I went plump into a big egg custard pie!

"I thought John would die laughing, for he said I had smashed the custard all to thunder and the plate right in two.

"You see we had to be awful quiet, so that the old man would not hear.

"I was now ready to get into bed, so I put the light out and picked up my boots, thinking to put them in a more convenient place, when down my one leg went through a pipe hole, which had been covered with paper, up to my hip.

"Now one part of me was up stairs, while the largest part was in the kitchen."

"As my leg was very long, it reached a shelf which was occupied with dishes, coffee pots, etc., and turning it over, down it went with a tremendous crash."

"The girls had not yet retired and I could hear them laugh fit to split their sides.

"I felt awful ashamed, and was scared until my heart was in my throat, for I expected the old man every moment. I extracted my leg from the confounded hole just in time, for the old lady looking into the kitchen from the room down stairs asked what all the noise was about.

"The girls put her off as best they could and I went to bed while John was strangling himself under the covers to keep from laughing aloud.

"We soon went off into the land of dreams, with the hope of waking early. I wish I could tell you my dreams, but it would take me too long. One moment: I would fancy myself by the side of Sadie, sipping nectar from her heaven-bedewed lips, and the next I would be flying from the old man while he would be flourishing his cane over my head.

"This all came to an end by John giving me a kick.

"On waking up and looking around I saw John's eyes as big as my fist, while the sun was beaming in the window.

"What to do now we couldn't tell, for we heard the old man having family prayer in the kitchen.

"John looked out of the window and said we could get down over the porch roof.

"'Get out and dress as soon as possible,' he said.

"So in my hurry my foot got fastened in the bed clothes, and out I tumbled, head foremost, turned over, and down the steps until I struck the door, which was fastened by a button, which, giving way, out I rolled, right in front of the old man.

"He threw up both hands and cried 'Lord have mercy on us!' for he evidently thought I was the devil.

"The old lady screamed until you could have heard her a mile.

"I was so scared and bewildered that I couldn't get up at once. It was warm weather and I didn't have anything on but a shirt.

"When I heard the girls snickering it made me mad; and I jumped up and rushed out of doors, leaving the greater part of my shirt on the old iron door latch.

"Off I started for the barn, and when half way through the yard the dog set up a howl and went for me.

"When I got to the barnyard I had to run through a flock of sheep and among them was an old ram, who backed on a little and started for me. With one bound I escaped the blow, sprang into the barn, and began to climb up the mow, when an old mother hen pounced upon my legs, and picked them until they bled.

"I threw myself upon the hay and after John had slid down the porch into a hogshead of rain water, he came to me with one of my boots, my coat, and one of the legs of my pants.

"He found me completely prostrated. Part of my shirt, my hat, one leg of my pants, my vest, stockings, necktie and one boot were left behind.

"I vowed then and there that I would never go to see another girl and I'll die before I will!"

A Romance in Real Life.

There has been a great sensation in San Francisco over a scandal in society recalling in its incidents the plot of Charles Reade's "Terrible Temptation," only the ending was a more natural and prosaic one. In Reade's novel the false heir grows up in the family, and the deceit was not discovered, but was in the fullness of time revealed by the wife, who had erred through excessive love and devotion to her husband. In the San Francisco affair vanity and love of display were the motives of the fraud, and discovery followed hard upon its consummation. Several years ago Samuel T. Curtis, a wealthy speculator and mine owner, married a young and attractive lady. She was fond of fashion and social enjoyment; he longed for a home made pleasant by the sound of children's voices. So strong was his desire that he promised her one of the finest houses in the city, with the most costly and elegant surroundings and equipage, if the dearest wish of his heart could be gratified. It is said that Reade's novel suggested to the wife the means by which she could deceive her husband and secure the fine establishment which was such a dazzling attraction to her vanity. She was able to secure the services of a physician named Dr. Mouser in arranging the details of her plot, and a foundling asylum was to supply the necessary infant. The services of a trusty maid were also secured, and for the rest the plot was managed almost exactly like that in Reade's novel, which seems to have furnished a model for the proceedings all through. During a four months' absence of Mr. Curtis in the Nevada mining regions he received the gratifying announcement of an expected heir. Appearances were skillfully managed so as to keep up the deceit, and the joyful and liberal mining king speedily redeemed his promises to his wife. A large and elegant mansion in the most fashionable quarter of the city was purchased and the most lavish expenditures were made upon its furniture and decoration. The lady's love of display was gratified by presents of splendid diamond jewelry and a handsome new carriage, drawn by costly blooded horses. The husband's business required him to make frequent visits to Virginia City, and taking the advantage of one of these, arrangements were made for the consummation of the plot. The confidential maid servant secured a new born infant from a foundling asylum, a wet nurse was engaged, the trusty Dr. Mouser was called in, and Mrs. Curtis, pale with nervous anxiety and excitement, was surrounded with the trappings of maternity. Dr. Mouser telegraphed to Mr. Curtis the joyful news that he was the father of a fine boy, and the latter hastening home, shed tears of paternal pride upon the pink and purple-mottled babe which the nurse presented to him. One of his first actions was to sit down and write off a check of $300 to Dr. Mouser for his inestimable services. All went well for a few weeks; the wife convalesced with prudent slowness, and the deceit might not have been discovered had not the confidential maid servant blabbed. Distracting rumors reached the husband's ears. His suspicions were aroused, and he employed a shrewd lawyer, who in turn employed detectives. The truth soon came out. The wife wept, protested and denied until confronted with Dr. Mouser's confession, when she too gave way. And now a luxurious home is for sale, the wretched wife is separated from her husband, the false heir is back at the foundling asylum, and a suit of divorce is pending.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

A FEARFUL RISK FOR GIRLS.—The pastor of a church in one of our large cities said to me not long ago: "I have officiated at forty weddings since I came here, and in every case, save one, I felt that the bride was running an awful risk. Young men of bad habits and fast tendencies never marry girls of their own sort, but demand a wife above suspicion. So pure, sweet women, kept from the touch of evil through the years of their girlhood, give themselves, with all their costly dower of womanhood, into the keeping of men who, in base associations, have learned to undervalue all that belongs to them, and then find no repentance in the sad after years. There is but one way out of this that I can see, and that is for you—the young women of the country—to require, in associations and marriages, purity for purity, sobriety for sobriety, and honor for honor. There is no reason why the young men of this Christain land should not be just as virtuous as its young virtuous women, and if the loss of your society and love be the price they are forced to pay for vice, they will not pay it. I admit, with sadness, that not all our young women are capable of this high standard for themselves or others, but I believe that there are enough earnest, thoughtful girls in the society of our country to work wonders if faithfully aroused. Dear girls, will you help us, in the name of Christ? Will you first of all be true to yourselves and God; so pure in your inner and outer life, that you shall have a right to ask that the young man with whom you marry shall be the same? The awful gulf of dishonor is close beside your feet, and in it, fathers, brothers, lovers and sons are going down. Will you not help us in our great work?"

—The attempt to hold Brigham Young responsible for the Mountain Meadow massacre is what the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* calls a sort of a harem scare 'em proposition.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - May 4, 1877.

THE foreign Ministers in Washington believe that England will be drawn into the Eastern War.

THE difference between the Emperor Alexander of Russia and the Catholic pilgrims just departed is that one is a Romanoff while the others are off to Rome. Still the pilgrims are roamin' off a good piece too.

A NEGRO who made a Radical majority of one in the South Carolina Senate is in jail for theft. This reduces the Senate to a tie, the Democratic presiding officer giving the casting vote. Thus is the government of the people fully established in the Palmetto State.

AT the meeting of the Democratic State Committee, held at Harrisburg on Tuesday last, it was decided that the State convention should be convened in that city, on Wednesday, the 8th day of August next, which was a right and proper conclusion to reach both as to time and place.

WE are under obligations to Governor Hartranft for a copy of the general laws passed at the last session of the Legislature. The pamphlet contains 82 pages, compromising 76 laws and 8 joint resolutions. This small instalment of legislation is the legitimate fruit of the new constitution, without which we would have had the old ponderous volume of from 700 to 1,000 pages, containing the most vicious legislative trash imaginable.

WE have no hesitation in endorsing the effort now being made to secure the nomination of Hon. Wm. P. Schell, of Bedford, for the position of Auditor General on the Democratic ticket. Mr. Schell has long been a favorite with the Mountain Democracy, having at one time represented this county in conjunction with his own county of Bedford in the State Legislature, where as in all other positions he was ever true to his trust. No more acceptable candidate for Auditor General could be named, and we hope the convention will place him before the people, for with such a man the Democracy could readily peel the *Schell* (otherwise and more properly known as the rind) from the big Republican *Lemon*.

BY the treaties of July 15, 1840, and July 14, 1841, says the Harrisburg *Patriot*, Turkey was received into the family of European nations. The integrity of the Ottoman empire was threatened by Russia in 1853, but was preserved by the arms of England, France and Sardinia united with those of Turkey. By the treaty of Paris, in 1856, the Black Sea was made a neutral highway and the control of the mouths of the Danube was taken from Russia. The Danubian principalities, which were formerly to a great extent under Russian influence, were united in 1861 under the name of Roumania. A prince of the imperial family of Germany was chosen its ruler, who acknowledged the Turkish government and paid it an annual tribute in money. In 1871 the neutrality of the Black Sea was abrogated, but the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus are open to the ships of powers friendly to Turkey, should their presence be necessary to protect the latter under the treaty of Paris.

WE omitted last week to state that the Louisiana Legislature had elected Judge Henry M. Spofford to the United States Senate for the long term—six years. Judge Spofford was the nominee of the Democratic caucus, and his eminent fitness for the position was so universally acknowledged that nearly all the Republican members voted for him. The vote stood: Spofford, 140; Wiltz, 1; *Blank*, 12. Mr. Spofford is a gentleman of acknowledged ability and will faithfully represent the people of his redeemed and regenerated State. Ex-Gov. Warmoth, the leader of the Republicans, in giving his reason for casting his vote for a Democrat, said: "*The Republican party* (in Louisiana) *is now disbanded and there is only one party left.*" When Congress meets at the extra session in June, Kellogg will contest Judge Spofford's right to his seat, claiming that he himself was elected Senator last January by Packard's Legislature. It is not believed, however, that he will be able to convince the Senate that his claim rests on any substantial basis as against the undoubted legality of Judge Spofford's election.

AS VIRGINIA has been called the mother of statesmen, so may Ohio be called the mother of office-holders. A Republican who is fortunate enough to live in the Buckeye State and wants an office from Mr. Hayes, can read his title clear without much difficulty. Loyal Republicans in other States who are ambitious to serve their country, had a right to expect that in dispensing his patronage Hayes would look beyond the limits of Ohio and give them at least an equal chance. It would take more space than we can afford to specify in detail the responsible offices now filled by Ohions in the different departments of the government. Their number is legion, and still they come, the latest and one of the most important being that of ex-Governor Noyes as Minister to France. No delegate to the Cincinnati convention, with the exception perhaps of Don Cameron, did more to defeat Blaine and nominate Hayes than this same Noyes. He was also one of the Republican committee that went to New Orleans last January to see to it that Wells and his Returning Board counted the electoral vote of Louisiana in the way that would do Mr. Hayes the most good. He had therefore a valid claim upon Hayes, and the mission to France is his abundant reward. Disappointed and disgusted applicants from other States for high positions are anxious to know the name of the Ohio Republican who will draw the next valuable prize in Hayes' lottery.

IT is an insult to the boasted intelligence of their readers when Republican editors assert that the withdrawal of the troops from Columbia and New Orleans was a betrayal of Southern Republicans, or, in other words, a betrayal of the negroes, for without the colored vote Republicanism in the South would have neither "a local habitation nor a name." How can the government of Hampton in South Carolina, or that of Nicholls in Louisiana, foreshadow the "betrayal" of the colored people? It will not be pretended that they could re-establish slavery in their own States, even if they desired to do so. Nor can it be said that they will attempt to take away the right of suffrage from the colored man. In his late speech to the colored people of Charleston, Hampton assured them that twelve years ago, just when the civil war ended, he advocated the right of the negro to vote, and that he stood now precisely where he did then. In addition to this, he told them that while in Washington not long since five or six prominent *Republicans*, men in high position, actually consulted him as to how the vote of the colored man could be restricted. "My answer was," he said, "that we do not want the vote of the colored man taken away or restricted, for, aside from the friendship we bear the race, their right to vote gives us thirty more votes in Congress, and when peace comes we are satisfied that the best men of both races and parties will vote together for the common weal." Governor Nicholls occupies precisely the same ground as Hampton, and time and again has publicly declared so. As to the schools, Gov. Hampton pledged himself and friends to give "the colored people better facilities for education than they have heretofore enjoyed," and to use all his influence to bring about that result. In view of all this, how contemptible are the crocodile tears of Northern agitators over the downfall of Chamberlain and Packard and their assumed betrayal of the rights of the negroes under the Democratic rule of Hampton and Nicholls? The history of every one of the old slave States since the close of the rebellion conclusively proves two things. *First*, that carpet bag government simply meant systematic plunder and wholesale robbery of the white taxpayer, and, *second*, that not until the people, both white and black, expelled the thieves from power and filled their places with men who felt a just pride in the prosperity and well being of both races, was their future welfare assured. Look at the wretched condition, under the blighting influence of corrupt carpet bag government, supported by the military, of Arkansas, Texas, Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia, and contrast it with their prosperous and peaceful present. Order has been brought out of chaos—peace and quiet have banished turmoil and strife—and in each of them honesty and economy on the part of those who administer their affairs are the *rule* and not the *exception*. There has been no "betrayal" of the colored race by their Governors, their Legislatures, or their Courts, nor will anything of the kind take place in South Carolina and Louisiana under Wade Hampton and Francis T. Nicholls.

FEW persons at the present day have any adequate conception of the bitter hostility that was waged against George Washington during the second term of his administration as President. It was during that period that the Federal and Republican parties were organized, the former under the leadership of John Adams and the latter under that of Thomas Jefferson. Although Washington took no active part in favor of either party, and stood aloof from their personal warfare, his sympathies were with Adams. In 1797, when he was closing his second term and about to retire to Mt. Vernon, the *Aurora*, then a well known paper throughout the country, was especially abusive of him. It is difficult for the present generation to conceive how the editor of that journal could deliberately sit down and hold up the pure and virtuous Washington to the scorn, hatred and contempt of the country as he did in the following words on the last day of Washington's term as President:

> "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," &c., was the pious ejaculation of a man who beheld a flood of happiness rushing upon mankind. If ever there was a time that would license the reiteration of the exclamation, that time has arrived; for the man who is the source of all the misfortunes of our country is this day reduced to the level of his fellow-citizens, and is no longer possessed of power to multiply evils upon the United States. If ever there was a period for rejoicing, this is the moment. Every pen, every heart in unison with the freedom and happiness of the people ought to beat high with exultation that the name of Washington from this day ceases to give currency to political iniquity, and to legalize corruption. It is a subject of the greatest astonishment that a single individual should have cankered the very springs of republicanism in an enlightened people, and should have carried his designs against the public liberty so far as to have put in jeopardy its very existence. Such, however, are the facts; and with these staring us in the face, this day (March 4th, 1797) ought to be a jubilee in the United States!"

TERRIBLE FIRE IN MONTREAL.—*Nine Persons Killed and Many Wounded.*—On Saturday morning last about five o'clock a fire broke out in the Montreal Novelty building, Sharban street. Owing to the immense amount of inflammable material in the premises, all efforts to save the building were useless. It was five stories high, and the walls were badly built. About six o'clock the walls fell outward with a terrible crash, breaking through the roof of the coffin store and completely demolishing a number of sheds and outerhouses. Eight firemen under Chief Patton were playing upon the roofs of the sheds and coffin store when the wall fell. They saw the wall began to totter and made a rush for the shed and barely got in the inside when they were completely buried under several feet of hot bricks. After the walls fell, moans of firemen rent the air. A band of citizens went to work to dig them out. The firemen remained beneath the ruins about an hour before they were got out. Four were found beneath the board fence alive but suffering terribly. Nine were taken out dead, three of them recognized as firemen. The bodies were terribly disfigured. Suspicion is entertained that the fire was the work of an incendiary. The building was owned by James Talmer, and was valued at $20,000. It was occupied by a novelty and a shoe furnishing factory. The loss to the firms is about $138,000, which is partially insured.

—There are three banks in the United States having ladies as tellers, and it is wonderful how quick they change a $50 bill for a good-looking man.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 30, 1877.

The Louisiana Commission returned on the 24th and rendered their report, after which they dined at the White House. Their short review of their proceedings must give satisfaction to the people, and show still more clearly to all but the Wade and Blaine-ites the utter lack of necessity for Federal bayonets to support that political montebank, Packard. Captain Scott's coon did not come down a whit sooner or prompter than did Packard under the engineering of the Commission, and we might say the same thing of the Rads here, for so completely have they subsided, and so flat have Wade's letter and Blaine's opposition fallen, that we are without an item involving strife or the grand promised fight against the Administration. Pronunciamento Wade didn't want his fulmination published, it seems, and it is a pity he could not have applied a little of Blaine's *duces tecum* in advance of publication, through which he got possession of his damaging Mulligan letters.

THE RUSSIAN SQUADRON.

Some of the members of the diplomatic corps are conjecturing as to Russia's real purpose in keeping such a large naval squadron in American waters, when there is certain to be numberless conflicts between the Russian and Turkish navies near at home. It is generally thought that within a very short time a blockade of the Turkish ports will be declared, and the vessels of other nations warned not to carry munitions of war destined for the Turkish government. When this is done then the secret of the large Russian naval squadron will be made to appear, and it will be found they are here for the purpose of intercepting the shipment of American arms to Turkey. Russia having all the arms she needs will not have to purchase, as Turkey is doing, of American manufacturers. American naval officers are quite outspoken in their belief that the powerful iron clads of Turkey will be more than a match for the navy of her opponent, Rusia.

PENDING APPOINTMENTS.

Mr. Hayes manifests little disposition to hasten action in the case of some of the important Federal appointments which have been hanging fire now for several weeks, and although pressed on all sides to settle the conflicts now going on between the numerous applicants, he does not yield in the least, but continues to postpone action.

MINISTER TO PARIS.

Ex-Gov. Noyes, of Ohio, who presented Hayes's name to the Cincinnati convention in behalf of the Ohio delegation, is here, and had an interview with his "Boss," and it is said that Noyes is a prominent supplicant for Minister Washburne's position at Paris. Noyes predicts that within three weeks all signs of disaffection will have died in the Republican party, and "the President" be heartily commended for his wise course towards South Carolina and Louisiana. And yet Mr. Noyes, when here last summer, was not favoring Mr. Hayes at all. He went all the way up to Maine to court Jimmy Blaine, and on his return here, just prior to the Cincinnati convention, ridiculed the idea of Hayes receiving the nomination for President. Mr. Hayes did not have a dozen delegates from his own State who believed he would receive more than a complimentary vote, and yet every one of the pack, forgetting that the nomination was forced by other States, is swearing like Noyes that the responsibility of his nomination rests upon him alone. Noyes is an Ohio bubble and should be bursted without mercy. But as Ohio rules the roost, we presume all its incapables must be provided with an asylum, and yet why should our nation be compelled to furnish such as Noyes with a first-class foreign mission, and make a thimble-rigger a Minister Plenipotentiary?

CENTENNIAL VISITOR.

Among the callers at the White House on Tuesday last was a Mrs. Sarah Davis, who had shaken hands with every President from Washington down. She is 105 years of age, and resides near the Navy Yard, in this city. She was accompanied by a male escort, near her own age, and sent her card up to Mr. Hayes who shortly afterward came into the East room and received her.

GENERAL BANKS,

in an interview during the past week, said the Administration was just entering upon its new policy, and time alone would demonstrate whether Mr. Hayes had or had not made a grave mistake. The vital question is, what use will the Southern people make of the power given them? He expressed the opinion that the extra session of Congress would be a long one, running for two or three months, and that there would be a great deal of general legislation.

THE NEW SENATOR.

Judge Spofford (Democrat), elected United States Senator from Louisiana, is a lawyer with few equals in the South. He was the constant companion and advisor of Judge Trumbull and other Northern Democrats, during the late "Electoral Tribunal" conspiracy. It is thought here that the election of Judge Spofford is a triumph over the attempt to disintegrate the Democratic party in the South.

HAYES AND THE MALIGNANTS.

Ben Wade, like Wendell Phillips and Mr. Blaine, has rendered Mr. Hayes the greatest service in his power by abusing him. Nothing is more likely to rally the conservatives of the country than the violent opposition of the ultra portion of the Radical party. These are the men who in perfectly cold blood have sought systematically to inflame the passions and prejudices of others, and by every devilish art and device to keep alive the bitter hatred engendered by the late civil strife. While the conservatives commend Mr. Hayes for doing right, yet not one of our leaders council a break in our party line.

THE SHADOW OF THE GUILLOTINE.

There is a good deal of uneasiness among the Bureau officers of the Treasury Department in consequence of the removal of Solicitor Talbot and the appointment of G. Wiley Wells, ex-carpet bag representative from Mississippi. This change, it is thought, indicates a determination on the part of Secretary Sherman to put the guillotine at work among the other heads, and as no person can tell whom the next victim will be, there is considerable alarm among the faithful. The Secretary has gone outside of the office in selecting persons to fill the vacancies, thereby ignoring civil service rules entirely. ANDERSON.

—An act was passed at the last session of the State Legislature, has been signed by the Governor, and is now a law, requiring Justices of the Peace and Aldermen to render judgment within *ten* days after all evidence shall have been heard. Heretofore the law required judgment to be rendered in twenty days, and this change is one that should be remembered by all having suits pending, or who expect to have business of this kind to attend to. It may be well for all to bear this matter in mind so as not to be "caught napping."

—Auditor General Temple has instructed the mercantile appraisers throughout the State to enforce an old law in regard to the taxing of patent medicines. This law has been practically a dead letter for a quarter of a century. A common fund among the druggists throughout the State is to be raised and the best legal talent employed with a view to resisting the collection of the tax.

Mining Perils.

FEARFUL ADVENTURE IN A COAL MINE.

A despatch from Scranton says that in calculating the cost of coal there is one important item which is never taken into consideration by capitalist or consumer, and that is the loss of life and limb incurred in the work of digging "dusky diamonds" and preparing them for market. A glance at the list of deaths and accidents published monthly in the local papers is sufficient to send a thrill of horror through the stoutest heart; but familiarity soon makes us partially indifferent to such matters, and it is only when some thrilling calamity occurs, such as the Avondale and West Pittsburg disaster, that we are fairly aroused to the perils incident to the work of mining. The people of the metropolis know but little of these things unless when they see an occasional account of some extraordinary catastrophe published, and even then they can but faintly realize the mishaps that befall from day to day in the way of fire-damp explosions, falling roofs and the innumerable other death-dealing agencies that lurk in the depths of the coal mine.

One of the most heartrending accidents of this character which has been recorded for some time has just occurred at the Empire mine in this vicinity. Two men named John Mooney and Patrick Quinn were employed in No. 4 slope laying track, a distance of about two miles from the opening and a mile from the other workmen. When they least dreamed of danger there was a sudden convulsion overhead, and an instant later they were overwhelmed by a fearful fall of roof. The terrible accident put out their lights, and they were in utter darkness. Mooney, after considerable difficulty, succeeded in extricating himself from among the massive boulders which fell about him in such a way as to form a sort of cave, and upon freeing himself his first thought was for his companions. He called aloud for Quinn, but received no answer—only the echo of his own voice beaten back by the rocks. He felt himself growing faint, and realized that he was seriously injured, but was determined to ascertain the condition of his fellow-miner. After calling aloud in vain for some time he groped about in the dismal place among the rocks, hoping to find Quinn, and fearing that he was dead. At length he touched him, but the poor fellow was pinned fast by a big boulder which lay upon one of his mangled legs. The other leg had been completely severed from the body by the fall. To release him was a hard task, but Mooney, forgetting his own injuries, set about the work with a will and succeeded in setting Quinn free.

How to carry him to the light of day was the next trial, but he was determined to do it; and taking him upon his back, he began groping his way through the pitchy darkness in the direction of what he considered was the foot of the slope. For two hours he wandered about that living tomb, with his dying comrade on his back, moaning in the most piteous manner. The situation was awful, and after roaming thus for a long time poor Mooney was disheartened to find that he had come back to the very point from which he had set out, and where the accident occurred. He summoned up his fast failing strength and made another effort, still taking Quinn on his back, but after proceeding a short distance he grew faint, and was unable to go further with his precious burden. Then laying the dying man down in as comfortable a position as he could Mooney crawled on his hands and knees towards what he thought was the slope. At 6½ o'clock a party of miners, while proceeding down No. 5 slope, were startled by the apparition which their lamps revealed. It was Mooney crawling slowly up the slope on his hands and knees, his face black and bloody, and his whole body sore from contact with the jagged pieces of coal and rock. His eyes were at first dazzled by the light, he had been in darkness so long and trying to see, and he was speechless with joy for some seconds to find relief at last. This was eight hours after the accident had happened, and they were eight hours of awful mortal agony. As soon as Mooney found words to speak he related the story in brief, and begged the party to hasten to the assistance of Quinn, who might yet be saved.

They hurried to the spot indicated and found the unfortunate fellow in the condition already described, with one leg severed from his body and the other crushed to pieces. He was still alive, and they took him up in their arms to carry him to the slope, but he never reached it alive. He died in the arms of his comrades. Mooney, who is severely wounded, is expected to recover. He played the part of a hero in the unselfish manner in which he risked his own life trying to save his comrade. But such acts are not of rare occurence among the miners. They are a most unselfish, brave lot of fellows, and will face death in the mines at any time to save one another. The men who met Mooney crawling up the slope were moved to tears by his haggard, woe begone, and saddened looks, and they never saw such a pitiful sight before.

A SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—The Panama *Star and Herald* reports a curious phenomenon as having occurred at Aspinwall during the past month (April), and calls upon the scientific for an explanation. The beach, says the journal, is of coral formation and extends from the light-house eastward along the northern shore of Manzanilla Island for a mile or more, and is open to the Caribbean. Upon the night in question, or rather on the morning following, this whole distance was covered with a deposit of a deep vivid-indigo-blue—something resembling a broad ribbon stretched along the limits of high tide, which there amounts to only about eighteen inches. Beholders were startled by this very peculiar appearance, and it was at first thought that perhaps Old Neptune and the Tagus indigo business might have had something to do with it; nor was curiosity allayed in the slighest when a closer examination revealed the ichthyological fact that this blue deposit consisted of millions of a peculiar, flat, shapeless sort of jelly fish, smaller than the hand, rounded in contour, with a slightly raised ridge running what would seem to be fore and aft over the back. Everybody looked and wondered, but the wisest—and there are some perfect Solomons in that city—could not make out what they were, or what such a singular and sudden phenomenon meant. The next day all the bright color had faded out, and the gelatinous deposit, although giving out a strong, unpleasant odor, dried up and soon disappeared.

These facts are vouched for by responsible parties, and should they meet the eye of science, we beg that their imperfect mention may be considered a prayer for light on this blue mystery.

—William Pintz, who killed Catherine Bun, a child about nine years old, in Bollinger county, Mo., on the 15th of November, 1875, was hanged on Marble Hill on Friday in the presence of a great crowd of people. Pintz made a brief address from the scaffold, in which he said it was women, whisky and bad men that had brought him into trouble. Previous to his execution he made a confession saying that he murdered the child at the request of her mother. He also confessed to having killed a man named William Gray, in New Madrid county, five years ago. He had also assisted in several robberies and belonged to the kuklux. His neck was broken by the fall and he died easily.

News and Other Notings.

—Miss Lillian Bailey of Chester, Pa., while eating dinner on Friday, was accidentally choked to death.

—A lighthouse keeper at Charleston was literally frightened out of his wits by the recent storm in that section.

—Abraham Hailer, a tramp, hung himself to a tree on the farm of Jonas Hess, Warwick, Lancaster county, on Friday.

—Parson Brownlow died at Knoxville at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, of paralysis of the bowels, after a long and tedious illness.

—A Chicago girl, 14 years old, has furnished a comfortable home and bought a piano with the money obtained by selling papers.

—In New York, on Friday night, Prof. Paul Carter performed the unprecedented feat of waltzing five hours without intermission.

—John Miller, of Warwick, Chester county, has been arrested for incest at the instance of a sister who is four years older than he is.

—It is said that over thirteen thousand persons have thus far signed the temperance pledge at the Murphy meetings in Philadelphia.

—A grapevine on W. G. Phelps' premises, near Stockton, Cal., measures, at a distance of one foot from the ground twenty-six inches in circumference.

—Jos. Cunningham, of Fayette county, aged seventy-seven years, died recently on the farm on which he was born and from which he had never removed.

—A girl aged eleven years was caught in a cog wheel in Lehigh county and drawn around at the rate of sixty revolutions a minute. Her injuries were fatal.

—James F. Whitney, six years old, in a quarrel with a playmate, Lewis Shattuck, at Nashua, N. H., Monday, was stabbed by the latter, probably fatally, three times.

—The Richmond *Whig* reports in detail the case of a young man in that city whose black hair turned white in a single night in consequence of great anxiety and tribulation.

—John Barmettler, of Pittsburgh, committed suicide on Thursday by shooting himself in the head. Despondency, caused by having no employment, induced him to kill himself.

—Wm. Mason has been arrested in Washington county for debauching two orphan nieces—children of a deceased soldier. He is being prosecuted by the Grand Army of the Republic.

—Richard Phillips, a baggage-master on the Pennsylvania Railroad, is charged with robbing the mails. A large quantity of stolen properly was found at his residence. He is held in $5,000 bail.

—The *Methodist* says that Rev. Mallalieu, who made such a fuss about Hayes' Southern policy in the New England conference, should "study Wendell Philps less and the Lord Jesus Christ more."

—The following advertisement recently appeared in a New Haven journal: "Any person having five to fifty loads of manure to dispose of will please send word or drop it through the post-office."

—Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, editor of Godey's Lady's Book, is eighty-two years old, but still has entire charge of the literary department of that periodical. A *hale* old lady must be Sarah J. Hale.

—A post mortem examination of the body of a colored child supposed to have been murdered at Harrisburg by Barney O'Brien, its father, disclosed the fact that death resulted from starvation.

—While grating horseradish, last week, Wm. Gove, 45 years of age, of New York, was taken with a fit of sneezing, during which he ruptured a blood vessel and expired in a few minutes afterwards.

—A French Canadian boy, fourteen years old, while asleep in a car on the Central Vermont Railroad the other night, walked off the platform while the train was at full speed. He was uninjured.

—As the President so called, sits outside of the capital dome and looks out on forty millions of freemen, he sees some statesmen who don't live in Ohio, and he wonders what is going to become of them.

—James Lick meant to have left $3,500,000 to public charity and benevolence, but after his son and the lawyers get through cramming their pockets there won't be enough left to pay for digging a town ditch.

—A few days ago Patrick Dolan was blown thirty feet in the air at the Philadelphia Coal Company's colliery No. 2, about three miles from Shenandoah, by the caving in of a car-breast. He reached the ground without injury.

—A single firm in Chicago made settlements on Tuesday of 2,000,000 bushels of wheat and the next day of 700,000, netting a profit of about a quarter of a million. The margins put up on Wednesday amounted to a million dollars.

—Wonderful discoveries of pre-historic remains have been made at Arkadelphia, Ark., twenty miles south of the Hot Springs, consisting of a road from 800 to 1,000 years old, skeletons of primitive giants seven feet high, etc.

—The Lancaster *Intelligencer* says that Hayes is so conscientious that he will have none but an upright piano. But his love for the poor African was not strong enough to cause him to have the key-board composed entirely of dark-keys.

—Judge Schaeffer has rendered a decision in the famous divorce case of Ann Eliza Young against Brigham Young, in which he says the alleged marriage was and is polygamous, and therefore null and void. She receives no compensation.

—Hayes has appointed Judge John E. King as collector of the port at New Orleans. He is a resident of Opelonsas parish, and formerly occupied a seat on the supreme bench of Louisiana. Pity the sorrows of poor old Packard, Anderson & Co.!

—The St. Louis *Times* thinks that Hayes is a great deal like the individual mentioned in Holy Writ, who having been forgiven his own debt, went out straightway and clapped his unfortunate debtor in prison because he couldn't pay him what he owed him.

—It is reported that Mr. Packard will not leave New Orleans until he has secured documentary proofs that the Hayes electors were counted in by fraud. These proofs, it is supposed, he will place in Mr. Blaine's possession before the extra session of Congress.

—A fire on Sunday night, at Greene Castle, Indiana, destroyed Hanna & Black's livery stable and Liggett's billiard and drinking saloon. W. H. Sherfy, a prominent business man, while assisting the fire department, was instantly killed by a falling wall.

—George Shatt, a little boy of New Holland, Pa., got a grain of corn down his windpipe, and Dr. Agnew, of Philadelphia, had to cut open the windpipe in order to remove the grain. It had been there three weeks, and had begun to sprout. The boy is doing well.

—James Hurd, living at Northweare, N. H., on Sunday last left his insane wife at home in charge of their son, aged 10 years, and some time during his absence she killed the boy with an axe, nearly severing the head from the trunk, and then hanged herself in an outhouse.

—At the Cleveland baby show, the triplets were the centre of attraction, from the opening to the closing. There were two sets, one of seven months, while the others had looked on this vale of tears for seven years and some days. The youngest trio won much attention.

ANCHORED

AT OAK HALL.

6TH AND MARKET

STILL TO BE HEADQUARTERS FOR

CLOTHING.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

IN THE OLD PLACE AT THE OLD TRADE.

All the best talent, experience and advantages we can command, continued at OAK HALL, to produce the BEST and CHEAPEST CLOTHING for man and boy.

For sixteen years we have lived at the old corner of SIXTH and MARKET, and the business done there has been so satisfactory to the public and ourselves, that we have decided not to change or move the Clothing business away. The people like the place and we like to please the people, and we believe that we can do it better than ever at the old place.

The sales of the past year far surpassed anything we ever dreamed of, and this puts it in our power to start the Spring of 1877 with a STILL LOWER SCALE OF PRICES, and a class of goods so excellent that we are not afraid to follow each sale with our warrantee, or receive back the goods unworn and hand over to the customer the money paid.

The store has been largely refitted, and there never was such a splendid stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's clothing under the roof, nor were we ever able to sell so cheaply. Our word for it, and we are your friends of sixteen years.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

THE OLD PLACE, OAK HALL,

6th & Market. PHILADELPHIA.

—In Albany, N. Y., Sunday morning, a terrible fire devastated eight acres of the built up portion of the city. It broke out in the stables of the Nellis house and a strong wind carried it over malt houses, coal yards, &c., causing a loss of $200,000.

—The dogs on Mount St. Bernard saved the lives of forty persons during the past winter. At the distance of an hour's march they can discover, through their wonderful sense of smell, whether travellers are on the mountain, and begin to howl as soon as they do.

—The Union Bank Company, No. 310 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, closed its doors Tuesday, it being discovered that the cashier, James A. Hill, is a defaulter for over $25,000. The bank goes into liquidation under an assignee. The depositors, it is said, will be paid in full.

—A battle, fierce and prolonged, recently occurred between a pair of hawks and an other and larger one in Gaysville, Vt. When last seen the larger hawk was making rapid and unsteady progress for the woods, while one of the smaller birds was perched upon his back and hammering away at his head in good earnest.

—Frank Wilson, a negro, was sentenced to be hanged at Harrisburg a few days ago. The prisoner received the judgment of the Court without manifestations of grief, but claimed that his conviction was unsupported by proper evidence. In an isolated locality in Harrisburg he killed an old drunken rag pedlar for a small sum of money.

—Governor Hartranft issued warrants on Monday for the execution, June 21st, of Andrew Lanahan, Luzerne county, for the murder of Capt. Reilly, at Wilkesbarre; also, for the execution, the same day, of the Mollie Maguires, Edward Kelly, Michael J. Doyle and John Donohoe, Carbon county, and Thomas Munly, Schuylkill co.

—In Fulton county the other day a lad named Harris, armed with a shot-gun, encountered a large sized bald eagle, which he fired upon and wounded. The bird after being injured turned upon its slender assailant and drove him from the field; but was afterwards shot by the father and proved to be seven feet and two inches from tip to tip.

—On Wednesday of last week Nannie Peachy, a little girl about seven years old, of Mexico township, Mifflin county, was sitting near a newly lighted lime stack, when a spark shot out, lighting on her dress and igniting her clothing. She then ran and the flames being fanned shot up around her and before assistance arrived she was burned so badly that she died in two hours.

—A recent letter from Grand River, Dakota Territory, says that Frank Raymond, of Northfield, Minn., and P. O. Daniels, of Syracuse, N. Y., were frozen to death in a snow storm, while on their way to the Black Hills. R. N. Tyler, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, and a soldier from Fort Lincoln, who were also on their way to the Hills, are supposed to have perished in the same storm.

—A man named Rathbone, who had been married twice, shot himself in Erie county a few days ago. His second wife, who had refused to live with him because he did not support her, was entreated to return to his home. She said she would provided he would go to work. This was asking too much, so he went around the corner of the house and put a bullet into his body.

—A negro woman named Jeannette Wilson, living in Nansemond county, five miles from Suffolk, Va., murdered her husband in his sleep Friday night by attacking him with an axe. She completely severed the head from the body of her husband, and then fled with a paramour, who had incited her to the inhuman deed. The woman, who was arrested and committed to jail, has made a full confession.

—The Chicago *Times* of Saturday publishes an interview had with an old citizen of Kansas named Dubois who claims to have been one of a party who, when the Bender family emigrated so suddenly from the scene of their manifold murders in that State, followed their trail and, having encountered them, had a short, sharp fight which ended in the summary burial of the whole family. Dubois gives a graphic and detailed account of the encounter.

—Andrew Overton, aged sixteen years, of Jersey City, attempted to commit suicide on Thursday by swallowing two ounces of laudanum. Before the narcotic had time to take effect he dashed his head against the flagging and slightly fractured his skull. He was arrested, and a doctor administered antidotes, which will probably save his life. This is the second attempt to end his life during the past week. His companions say that lately he has developed a sudden fondness for alcoholic stimulants, which have likely deranged his mind.

—The outlaws who tarred and feathered Mrs. Ida Shepherd, the wife of Dr. Shepherd, on the Nodaway [illegible] last winter, were placed on trial this week, in the circuit court at Somerville, N. J., before Judge Dalrymple. A number of guilty was returned against Reuben Lew, Charles Hull, Alfred Gano, Robert Hibbet, William Dougherty and Peter Dougherty. Richard Van Lew was sentenced to one year and six months imprisonment; the others received lighter sentences. Mrs. Shepherd has been divorced for adultery.

—The wife of Mr. Thomas Fix, of Reading, had removed from her head by combing a needle that had been in it for about twenty-five years. The needle was found by the thumb while washing, and had worked so deeply that all efforts to remove it proved of no avail. About three months ago she began to experience severe pain in the fleshy portion of the left hand, but which gradually became worse, and finally induced Mr. Fix to make an incision with the point of a razor and detected some hard substance. This was pulled out and proved to be the needle that Mrs. Fix had run in her head twenty-five years ago.

ARE YOU GOING WEST?—If so, we advise you that you purchase tickets by the Pennsylvania Railroad, as the cars are unsurpassed for comfort, and by which there are no annoying delays or transfers between depots in Pittsburgh and Chicago. The principal connections of the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Pittsburgh, is with the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railway, a line of roads familiarly known in the West and Northwest as the "Pan-handle Route." Its trains run direct through, without detention, from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati and Louisville, the only railroad connections are made for all points in Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, from Pittsburgh to Indianapolis, Chicago and St. Louis, through express trains are run to Cincinnati, Louisville and Union Depot to take passengers for all points in Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, and all points west. The only line running its own cars from Pittsburgh to St. Louis, crossing the Mississippi river on the magnificent and world renowned steel bridge in the world, and the only line making connections in the New Union Depot at St. Louis with the great through lines for Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas, and Texas. Trains are run on this line with the Safety Air Brake, the most perfect and comfortable, and the road is the favorite with the traveling public. Your tickets west of Pittsburgh should read over "Pittsburgh, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railway."

TROUBLESOME CHRONIC DISEASES.—There are multitudes of chronic diseases which beset and afflict humanity, which in a vast majority of cases can be easily within the reach of cure. The list embraces so many maladies that it is impossible to name them all, but among the more prominent and troublesome diseases as well as the most dangerous may be mentioned—Dropsy, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, Stubborn Ulcers and Fever Sores, Piles, Female Weaknesses, Headaches, Contracted Limbs, Diseases of the Blood, of which are, by proper treatment, Consumption, Skin Diseases, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Pulmonary Complaint, Chronic Diarrhœa, Fistula, &c. Dr. Keyser has made up another class, which he has named Blood Diseases, under the supposed name of which deep research is sure to have brought to light. Dr. Keyser, of No. 120 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, has studied the nature of these diseases as well as the constitutional affections, which have led to them, and has discovered a cure whenever a cure is at all possible. His office is easily reached, and persons who cannot call to consult him, can take the next best course, which in most cases, and under the treatment of such a physician as Dr. Keyser is the prospective equal to a personal visit. Dr. Keyser is the proprietor of the celebrated Blood Lung Cure, the great remedy for Consumption, Bronchitis, &c., and a preparation, now sold in 2nd bottles, called Dr. Keyser's Pile Ointment.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.—Dr. Keyser: Dear Sir—Mr. C. Aldrich, Wauseon, Fulton county, Ohio, writes as follows: "R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H., have sold me one dozen bottles of your Blood Lung Cure, and want more. My mother has been using it for Consumption, and the results from the use of one bottle are truly astonishing. She has not been able to sit up for a week or two for a year or more, and has not combed her hair or put on a wig over thirty years. Her friends, who have known her for years, say that they never saw her look so well before. She has gained in flesh, what little hair she had has started out afresh, and now her wig does not fit her head. Her cough is almost entirely gone, and a smooth, healthy appearance has taken the place of the pale, sickly look. Hoping you may long continue to receive blessings on the heads of the afflicted, I remain, yours truly."

Such evidence, with the positive guarantee of the great chemists of New England, Drs. Hayes and S. Dana Hayes, should induce any one which of the preparations to use to obtain the best results.

IS YOUR LIFE WORTH 10 CENTS?—Dyspepsia in its various forms of sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, &c., is the bane of this country. Nine out of every ten persons you meet will tell you that they have dyspepsia, or complains of some disease arising from a disordered stomach. When sick, the object is to get well, and the question is how to do it. We say plainly that no person suffering from dyspepsia in any of its forms, or from any disease of which a disordered stomach is the cause, can afford to be without Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator. It is the only remedy that will cure Dyspepsia in all its forms, Biliousness, Jaundice, Sick Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Nervousness, Nervous Headache, Heart Burn, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Joints, Depression of Spirits, Blotches on the Skin, Humors, Fever Sores, Scrofula, Female Complaints, Kidney Complaints, Erysipelas, Piles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Dryness of the Skin, Loss of Appetite, Coated Tongue, Impure Blood, Low Spirits, Blues, Headache, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Yellow Skin, Yellow Suffusion of the Eyes, Nausea at the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bad Breath, Costiveness, Colic, Worms, General Debility, Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Pain in the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Dropsy, Gravel, Diseases of the Urinary Organs, Female Weakness, Irregularities, Suppressions, Whites, Sexual Debility, Impotency, Involuntary Discharges, Diseases of the Head, Throat, Nose, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels, Blood, Nerves, Limbs, Joints, Skin, Bones, Muscles, Glands, Constitutional Diseases, Hereditary Diseases, Diseases Contracted by Bad Habits, Diseases Contracted by Exposure, Diseases Contracted by Imprudence, Diseases Contracted by Indiscretion, Diseases Contracted by

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - - MAY 4, 1877.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

...There, and the Other Place.

...favor us with an early call ...time the printer.

...haven't much space this week for ...much local news this week ...

...of the jealous ones attribute the ...this week to the May and Decem... ...on Sunday afternoon last.

...have tried Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup ...and can assert that it is the ...for a cough or cold ever intro...

...resident of Gallitzin, named Clark, ...his legs badly crushed yesterday ...by jumping from a freight train at ...end of the tunnel.

...arrangements were commenced at the ...of the Holy Name, in this place, ...evening, and will be continued each ...during the month.

...hen's egg 8¾ inches lengthwise, 6¾ ...circumference, and weighing full four ...ounces, has recently been produced in Morris ...Clearfield county.

...Banner speaks truly the Johnstown ...Echo is soon to be resuscitated ...editorial management of his Honor, ...William "ex") Potts.

...new time table will go into effect on ...P. R. next Sunday. We presume ...will make any change in the running ...of our Branch road.

...hunger for the good things of life ...until Major Unger, of the Union ...Pittsburgh, takes possession of ...Mountain House, Cresson, on the 15th of ...June.

...C. Hasson caught the largest ...last Sunday evening that has ever been ...taken out of either of the dams in this ...It weighed over two pounds and ...measured fifteen inches.

...The dwelling house of Mr. Christ. Karl... ...in Carroll township, caught fire from ...the stove pipe, on Wednesday of last ...week, and was damaged, as was also a great deal ...of furniture. No insurance.

...The Tyrone *Herald* says that Bedford ...has a lawyer who cuts hair and ...is the brethren of the bar between ...Another lawyer of the same county ...in the tailoring business.

...John Goss settled in Clearfield ...before the Indians departed from ...and lived there until a few ...ago, when death claimed him for its ...at the age of 88 years, or thereabouts.

...Baker, of West Newton, West... ...county, severed his windpipe with ...his legs badly crushed yesterday ...by jumping from a freight train at ...end of the tunnel.

...operations were commenced at the ...of the Holy Name, in this place, ...evening, and will be continued each ...during the month.

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...

UNCLE SAM'S CLOCK

At the Navy Observatory, in Washington, stands the clock that regulates time for the whole country. It is not beautiful, like many lovely French clocks that noiselessly tick upon the parlor mantel; in fact, it is large and tall, with plain face, and body of dark wood, and without ornamentation. it is much like the old fashioned clock that stood in our grandmothers' kitchens. It nowhere touches either the floor or walls of the building, but is securely fastened to a stone pier, which rests upon a solid stone foundation, so that it may not be affecteed by any motion of the building or ground. Rains may descend, floods come, wind blow and beat upon the house, but the clock feels it not, for it is built upon a rock.

It is a splendid time-keeper. At the present time it gains at the rate of .48 of a second per day.

In order that people all over the country may have uniform time, so important for railroads, steamboats, and other public conveyances, at three minutes before twelve each day this clock is connected, by means of a galvanic battery, with the wires of the Western Union Telegraph, which extend into the room containing the clock. All other messages, however important, must give way for these three minutes, and in every town and station from Maine to California, where there is a telegraph operator, as the pendulum of the clock ticks, each second a click is recorded by the telegraph, and at the very instant of twelve two clicks are given.

At the same time a huge black ball which is drawn up a few moments before descends upon the dome of the Observatory, and hundreds all over the city stand, with watch in hand, to see it drop, to keep as we say, "ball time." Thus, when this drops a click in every large town in the land tells the hour of twelve.

This clock is also connected with the Fire Alarm in Boston, and the time is sent to the central office, and then sounded by the three church bells that give the fire alarm.

So while the clerks in Washington are watching the ball, the restless school boy of Minnesota is waiting to hear the big clock upon the town house sound its merry peal, the signal of dismissal, and the tired factory girl of Lowell listens eagerly for the same sound.

But you must remember that only places on the same meridian with Washington, have after all, exactly the same time. The sun, in passing round the earth, which is divided into three hundred and sixty degrees of longitude, every twenty-four hours must pass through one degree, which is about sixty-nine miles every four minutes. So, if the sun rises at seven o'clock, it will not rise in New York, two hundred miles west, till twelve minutes after it has reached Boston. Neither will it be twelve o'clock till twelve minutes later than in Boston.

Take the Pacific railroad and travel west, with your watch correct in Boston; when you reach Omada you will be an hour and a half ahead of their time; and when you arrive at San Francisco your watch will be three hours and a half fast, because old Sol is still on his way. When in Boston you are going to church at eleven o'clock, the boys in San Francisco are just taking their breakfast at half past seven.

So, while I tell you that all the towns receive the click at twelve at the same time, you must remember that in places situated in longitude east or west from Washington, the number of minutes it takes the sun to pass those degrees must be added to or abstracted from twelve, to give them correct time.

Another thing in the room where the clock is would interest the boys who are delighted with everything that pertains to a ship. This room may be termed a government depot, for here are some two hundred ship chronometers. These are simply large sized watches, and are furnished to every government sea going vessel. Here they are kept several months to be regulated, and their accuracy tested by this clock. The officer in charge examines them daily at a certain hour, and carefully rates the time kept by each.

When a government vessel is ordered to sea, this officer takes them with all possible care to the vessel, protecting them as far as possible from all sudden jars or violent jolting.

When on his cruise, the captain also rates daily the time kept by the chronometer. He marks the time between the moon and some star by his quadrant, which he verifies by his nautical almanac. One was seen at the Observatory that had been absent three years with an Eastern squadron and had varied during the whole time but a few seconds—*Wide Awake.*

STRAW FOR THE FARM.—If I could have my entire farm covered with boards lying flat on the ground a whole year, says a correspondent, I would expect more benefit than from twenty-five loads of barnyard manure to the acre. Now so far as the straw goes it has a similar effect. I believe the very best use of straw, except as litter for the stables or barnyards, is to spread it on the fields. I put straw on my wheat last season with manifest improvement to the clover, but in that I was disappointed. I noticed small spots where the straw had been in bunches the clover was out, having been smothered apparently. I took up boards from a space about twenty feet square, after they had lain two years, and planted potatoes, the surrounding ground being also planted. Where the boards had laid I had three times as many bushels as on a like plot adjoining.

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[2 4.] ☞ Don't forget the number and street. [tf.]

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For the Laundry or Toilet is EQUAL to White Castile Soap, for it is made of PURE VEGETABLE OILS, and by the same process, which retains all the natural healing qualities of the oils. it co-ts SO MUCH LESS than the imported article that it is rapidly coming into general household use. The use of COLORED Soaps is condemned by Physicians as liable to produce skin diseases. PURITY of the White Soap renders it safe harmless. Made only by PROCTER & GAMBLE, Cincinnati. Trade supplied by Pittsburgh wholesale grocers.

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Dr. Scott continues inserting the finest Gold fillings at from $1 to $5, and the best Vulcanite sets of teeth for $12; other styles for $15 to $75.

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Take only Dr. Scott's pleasant and *absolutely safe* anæsthetic for the painless extraction or painless filling of teeth, and run no risk.

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Write to above address and make an appointment, and you will only have to remain in Pittsburgh one day to get a set of teeth or have any operation performed.

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Now is the Time to Secure Bargains
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Big Lot of Goods for Very Little Money!

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Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1876 -1y.*

HOW RUBBER BOOTS ARE MADE.—The gum used is imported directly from Africa, South America and Central America being the best, while the African gum is the poorest. The raw gum, which is nearly white, is ground several times between immense iron rollers, after which it passes through the composition room, which process is a secret; but when it comes out the gum has the black appearance of common rubber. The next process is that of passing the rubber between chilled iron cylinders of many tons weight, which are kept very hot and very smooth. A part of the rubber intended for "uppers," is here spread and fastened to long sheets of cloth. The heels and taps are stamped out of sheets of gum of the required thickness. The rubber cloth is now carried to the cutter's room, where it is cut out and sent to the boot maker. The boots are all made by men, the shoes or ordinary rubbers by girls, while the overshoes by either. One man will make twelve or fourteen pairs of boots in a day, and receives twenty cents per pair. An active girl will make from twenty five to thirty pairs of rubbers. After the boot maker is through they are placed in an oven, where for twelve hours they are subject to a temperature of 300 degrees. They are then ready for boxing and shipping. In one factory about four thousand pairs of boots, rubbers and overshoes are turned out daily.

A MURDEROUS SEA FLOWER.—One of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking indeed very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster, with ever so many long petals of a light green, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, like those of the aster in your garden, but wave about in the water, while the opelet clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it would eat anything grosser than dew or sunlight? But those beautiful, waving arms, as you call them, have use besides looking pretty. They have to provide for a large open mouth, which is hidden down deep among them—so hidden that one can scarcely find them. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fish touches one of the rosy tips he is struck with poison as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling; and then the other beautiful arms wrap themselves around him and he is drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish.

A SILK SPINNING FISH.—There is a mollusk—the *pinna* of the Mediterranean—which has the curious power of spinning a viscid silk which is made in Sicily into a textile fabric. The operation of a mollusk is rather like the work of a wire-drawer, the substance being first cast in a mould formed by a sort of slit in the tongue, and then drawn out as may be required. The mechanism is exceedingly curious. A considerable number of the bivalve possess what is called a *byssus*, that is, a bundle of more or less delicate filaments, issuing from the base of the foot, and by means of which the animal fixes itself to foreign bodies. It employs the foot to guide the filaments to the proper place and to glue them there; and it can reproduce them when cut away. The extremity of the thread is attached by means of its adhesive quality to some stone; and this done, the *pinna*, receding, draws out the thread through the perforation of the extensile member. The material when gathered is washed in soap and water, dried, straightened, and carded—1 lb. of course filament yielding about 3 ozs. of fine thread, which, when made into a web, is of burnished golden brown color. A large manufactory for this material exists in Palermo

THE FARMER'S GRINDSTONE.—There is no tool as essential on the farm as a good grindstone; it is therefore necessary that every farmer should have one and know how to take proper care of it. A grindstone should always be kept under cover, as exposure to the sun's rays harden the grit and injures the frame. The stone should not stand in water when not in use, as this causes soft places. The water should be allowed to drip from some vessel placed above the stone, and the drip should be stopped when the stone is not in use. All greasy or rusty tools should be cleansed before sharpened, as grease or rust choke up the grit. The stone should be kept perfectly round.

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It tells you all about the Morals of Generative Physiology, The Marriage, of Wedlock and Offspring, Physical Contrasts, True Morality, Empiricism, Perversion of Marriage, Conjugal Precept and Friendly Counsel, Physical Infirmity, Its Causes and Cure, Relations between the Sexes, Proofs of the Expansion of Vice, the Miseries of Imprudence, Ancient Ignorance and Errors, MEANS OF CURE, Cure of only and Mind, TRUE PRINCIPLES OF TREATMENT, Address to Patients and Invalid Readers, The Author's Principles. The price of this book is only $1.00.

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Also, another valuable medical work treating exclusively on MENTAL AND NERVOUS DISEASES; more than 200 royal octavo pages, twenty elegant engravings, bound in substantial muslin. Price only $2.00. Barely enough to pay for printing.

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For **Dysentery** or **Diarrhœa**, but one mild dose is generally required.

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For **Dropsy** and **Dropsical Swellings**, they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

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As a *Dinner Pill*, take one or two *Pills* to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these *Pills* makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

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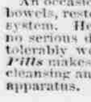

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1317 ELEVENTH AVE.,
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The Invention of Punctuation.

Punctuation is peculiar to the modern languages of Europe. It is wholly unknown to the Greeks and Romans; and the languages of the East, although they have certain points or signs to indicate tones, have no regular system of punctuation. The Romans and the Greeks also, it is said, had certain points, which, however, in the languages of the East, have been refined to the delivery and pronunciation of words; but the pauses are now denoted by breaking up the written matter into lines or paragraphs, not by signs resembling those in the modern system of punctuation. Hence in the discourses of the ancient orators which were generally written down before or after and delivered to the inquiring multitude, doubtless intentional obscurity, or the want of punctuation sometimes saved the credit of the orator when the expected event was found to be unfavorable. As an instance of this kind, may be cited that response of the oracle, which was given to a certain king on a known occasion, when the monarch consulted with regard to the success of a certain military expedition: "Aio te, Æacida, Romanos posse vincere." Written, as it was without punctuation, it might be translated either "Thou shalt go, and shalt never return," or "Thou shalt go, and shalt return never," or "Thou shalt go and return, thou shalt never perish in battle," or "Thou shalt go and return, thou shalt not perish in battle." The correct translation of it altogether depends upon the placing of a comma after the word *Romanos*, or after *vincere*. The invention of the modern system of punctuation has been attributed to the Alexandrian grammarian Aristophanes, after whom it was improved by succeeding grammarians; but it was entirely lost in the time of Charlemagne that he found it necessary to have it restored by Warnefrid Alcuin. It consisted, at first, of only one point used in three ways, sometimes at a stroke, forms as in modern ways. But as more regular rules were followed in the use of the signs, punctuation was exceedingly uncertain until the end of the fifteenth century, when the learned Venetian printers, the manutii, hereafter the number of the signs and established some fixed rules for their application. These were so generally adopted that we consider the manutii as the inventors of the present method of punctuation; and although modern grammarians have introduced some improvements, nothing but a few personal rules have been added since that time.—*Freeman's Journal.*

WHOLE OX SOUP.—In Australia, where the horned stock has been destroyed of late in a more rapid ratio than the increase of population, the supply of meat is now much greater than the demand, and at the present time the price of cattle is commonly quoted "at boiling rates;" that is, the animals will fetch no more than the butchers can get for their hides, horns, hoofs and tallow for exportation. In large establishments devoted to preparing these valuable portions of the animal, there was of course an immense waste of meat, the ox went into the melting pot, and this loss is now in a great measure avoided by boiling the meat down into soup, or concentrated essence of beef. After the head, intestines, etc., are removed, the meat is cut into convenient sized pieces and conveyed to immense steam-tight digesters capable of holding about fifty bullocks at a time. For three hours, during which they are subjected to a pressure of seven or eight pounds to the square inch, the bones and meat are reduced to a pulp. The steam is then condensed, and the tallow which floats on the surface, drawn off. The soup is removed and placed in a screw press, which squeezes out the gelatine. The latter is, however, not sufficiently concentrated; and in order to do so, it is placed in a pendulum constructed boiler, there reduced by evaporation, and finally run off into wooden moulders. When cold, the essence is quite transparent, of a rich reddish brown color, and sweet to the smell, and almost like confectionery. A whole bullock, after being thus treated, yields but 20 lbs. of soup.

A REMARKABLE CLOCK.—A remarkable clock, or time globe, has been invented, which according to the description given in the Scientific American, shows the time, longitude, and latitude of any place in the world, as well as the difference of the same between any two or more places. The device consists of a large globe, on which is a complete map of the world. A large dial encircles the globe at its equator, at which the hours of the various meridians are marked. At the north pole is a small dial, on which shows the mean time at the place where the globe is located. The most remarkable feature of this device is, however, the fact that, by the movement of a crank inside of it, this miniature globe is made to gradually revolves as does the earth, making one revolution every twenty four hours. The same time at any part of the world can be found easily and quickly ascertained by reference to the large dial encircling the globe at the equator. It has also a large vernier divided into 360 degrees, by means of which the latitude of places can be ascertained, or the precise degree of inclination of any one of any other heavenly body thereto. By setting the globe at the proper angle of inclination, giving the proper direction north and south, and letting light properly applied fall upon it, it will give not only the exact amount of light and darkness in any country has, but the very time of day at which it has it. The time, longitude, and latitude of any place in the world, as also the difference of the same between two or more places, are at once given.

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